

QUICK'S WHIM;

OR, THE

MERRY MEDLEY:

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CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

FARCICAL

COMICAL

OPERATICAL

PANTOMIMICAL

JESTS AND REPARTEES,

Occasionally introduced by this Son of *Momus*, and his
Jocund Companions,

AT THE

TABLES OF HOSPITALITY, HOURS OF CONVIVIALITY,

AND

MOMENTS OF MIRTH.

ENRICHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THAT EXCELLENT
COMEDIAN.

"A true Son of Laughter am I."

LONDON:

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[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

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QUICK'S WHIM.

MR. Harley falling into discourse with a sea officer, at Bath, and the discourse turning upon hunting, the captain gave the following description of a chase: Our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them to their full complement, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven A. M. a fleet of twenty set sail over the downs. In about three-quarters of a watch we espied a hare under full gale; we tacked and stood after her, crouding all the sail we could; but coming close up with her, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but unluckily, just as we were going to lay her aboard, being too much wind, my horse and I overset, and came keel upwards.

A poor man and a wealthy farmer had a law-suit; the poor man gave the lawyer a *pot of oil*, and was told that his cause was good; but no sooner was he gone, than the farmer came and presented a *fat hog*. The cause came on, and the farmer gained the day. The poor man, after the trial, went to expostulate with the lawyer, for his base conduct, saying, When I gave you the *pot of oil* you said my cause was good, but you have entirely neglected it. Poor man, said the lawyer, I am sorry for thee; but

you was no sooner gone, than a *fat hog* came in and broke your pot of oil, which put the cause quite out of my head.

A person bought a pair of horns, and brought them home ; his wife asked what he meant ; he said to hang his hat on. Good lord, says she, cannot you *keep your hat on your head* ?

Doctor Barton being in company with Doctor Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios, containing the antiquities of Worcestershire ; the warden humourously observed to the Doctor, that his publication was deficient in several respects. Dr. Nash, as was but natural, endeavoured to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able. Pray, Doctor, are you not a justice of the peace ? I am, replied the Doctor. Then, says Barton, I advise you to send your work to the *House of Correction*.

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's Island, General Lee was one day reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid de-camps, a very young man, to shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. "Sdeath, Sir, cried Lee, what do you mean ? Do you dodge ? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above an hundred aid de-camps in one campaign ? So I understand, Sir, replied the young officer ; *but I did not think you could spare quite so many.*

A lady asked an Irish gentleman how he liked Vestris, the dancer. Upon my shoul, said the Hibernian, I think *he handles his legs bravely.*

George

George Garrick, being one of Holland's executors, with his usual good nature, for no man possessed more; undertook to manage the funeral in a way suitable to his friend's circumstances, for which purpose he went to Chiswick, and ordered a decent vault, and such other preparations as he thought necessary. Holland's father was a baker. Foote was invited to the funeral, which he certainly attended with unfeigned sorrow; for, exclusive of the real concern for the loss of a convivial companion, whenever he had a serious moment he felt with very strong susceptibility. While the ceremony was performing, Garrick remarked to Foote, how happy he was, out of respect to his friend, to see every thing so decently conducted. You see, said he, what a snug family vault we have made here. Family vault! exclaimed Foote, with tears trickling down his cheeks. *Damme if I did not think it had been the family oven.*

A man was examined before Sir John Fielding upon a charge of a highway robbery, instituted by a gentleman of distinction, who swore positively to every circumstance of the robbery, but could not identify the person of the robber. In the course of the business the right honourable witness seemed extremely offended, that Sir John should pay the prisoner so much respect, and him, as he thought, so very little; for which discontent he received the following rebuke. *I am heartily sorry that you are offended at my softening the rigour of justice with a little humanity. The prisoner is entitled more to my attention than you are, because he is unfortunate. If he should be guilty, the law is severe enough without any exaggeration on my part; but if innocent, how could I excuse myself for adding insult to misfortune?*

Dignum, and Moses Keen, the mimic, were both taylor and intimate friends. Bannister met them under the piazza, in covent-garden, arm in arm. I never see those two men together, said Charles, but they put me

in mind of one of Shakepeare's comedies. But which of them, Bannister, cries Dignum? Why, *Measure for Measure*.

An impertinent fellow, who was a stranger to Lord Guildford, asked him, in the pit of the opera, who that *plain lady* was, immediately before him?—That lady, said the noble lord, is my wife. It is true, that she is a *plain woman*. I am a *plain man*. You, I perceive, are a *plain dealer*; and that is the *plain truth*.

Shuter was one day at dinner in a promiscuous company, and as soon as the cloth was taken away, one of them got up, and entreated, as a particular favor, he would begin to be comical. Gad, said Shuter, *I forgot my fool's dress, but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll be my substitute till I return*. The man thought this very comical, and declared he would. Shuter then took his hat and cane, went away, and did not return at all.

At Ipswich, during the race week, the landlord of one of the principal inns had advertised his beds at a guinea a piece; and fearing, on account of the exorbitant demand, that visitors should be induced to take lodgings, he procured, with great cunning and industry, a promise from the other inhabitants, that they would ask the same price. What was the consequence? Ipswich is very large, and the strangers naturally said, if we can get lodgings no cheaper at private houses than at inns, we had better be where our horses can be taken care of. Thus few private lodgings were let, the inns were full, and the landlords laughed at the credulity of their neighbours.

An Italian, whose name was *Grimani*, after he had been in England about a month, happened, as he was strolling about, to find himself near Billingsgate, seeing him a foreigner, he was presently hustled about; and in short, the

the fishwomen and watermen determined to give him what they termed a compleat black-guarding. *Grimani*, who scarcely understood a word of English, hearing the word *damn* frequently used, was struck as quick as lightning with the idea, that he could conquer them with their own weapons. He thought he had nothing to do but to think of a number of names unknown to the mob, and therefore began: damn Cicero, damn Plutarch, damn Aristotle, damn Demosthenes, damn Plato, damn Anaxagoras, damn Scipio, damn Hanibal, damn Pliny, damn Agamemnon, damn Achilles, and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muscles, which was a thing extremely easy for him to do, into the utmost contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out, *damme, come along Jack, we stand no chance with this fellow, he black-guards ten times better than any of us can.*

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his passage from India, he was continually kept in his cabin from indisposition, while her ladyship was in very good health, and constantly on deck. One fine day she coaxed him out to enjoy a little air; and as he was walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a *shark* was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he beckoned to one of the sailors, to tell him what it was. Being asked the question; Why don't you know, an't please your honour? said the Jack Tar. No, said Sir Elijah, what is the name of it? Why, replied the tar, I don't know what name they call 'em by ashore, but here we call em *sea lawyers*.

A foolish stage-struck youth ran away from his friends, and got among a most low and miserable set of strollers. A relation, after a time, discovered him just as he was going on the stage in *King Richard*; and on his reading him a pretty severe lecture on his folly and disobedience,

received an answer suitable to all the ridiculous consequence and assumed pomp of a mock monarch. To this he answered: These are fine lofty words; but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, *that you cannot afford to buy a better pair of shoes.* The actor, looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, without losing his vivacity, cried out: *Shoes! O damme, shoes are things we Kings don't stand upon.*

A noble commander, because he could not conceal it, was continually boasting of his rise from a private man. His constant expression was, did you ever see me do so and so, when I was a private soldier. One day, in the Island of St. Eustatius, as he was reviewing his troops, he took notice of a man in the ranks who was very dirty. Going up to him: How dare you, said he, appear in that nasty condition before me; your shirt is as black as ink; did you ever see me with such a dirty shirt? No, your honour, answered the poor man; to be sure, your honor, I never did; but then your honour will please to recollect, that your honour's mother was a *washer woman.*

In one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore, during the late war, the 101st regiment gave way, and their places were immediately supplied by a battallion of black infantry. — A gentleman shortly afterwards in company with Colonel Kennedy, then of the Madras Artillery, and conversing on the subject, said he was surprised that they gave way; and so am I too, said the Colonel, for they are all *tried* men. How can you make out that? says the gentlemen, for they are a new regiment. Oh! by J——s, says the Colonel, they were all *long* since *tried* at the *Old Bailey.*

An unfashionable gentleman called on his taylor to pay his bill soon after the receipt of it, but not meeting with him at home, mentioned to his wife, that a pair of silk breeches

breeches was charged which he never ordered. I was always willing to please my husband's customers, and if you will just step into the next room, *I will take off your breeches immediately.*

A Duchess, hearing that a man in a high post, where he had an opportunity to finger a great deal of money, had married his kept mistress; *Dear me, said she, that fellow is always robbing the public.*

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law: His master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night he would tell him; which he agreed to. Why then, said the master, *good witnesses are the chief points in law.* When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them; according to agreement. O, Sir, says he, where is your *good witness?*

It was said of a certain country 'squire, at his return from his travels to France, by which he was greatly altered, though not in the least improved, that he went there a *lead*en image, but was returned one of *plaster of paris.*

A gentleman was joking with a physician, in the presence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the faculty's wearing swords, saying, he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be a dress rather of gravity than gaiety, and therefore should leave the sword to the military, and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar insisted it was quite a necessary custom; and upon being asked his reasons for it, replied, in order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of the *friends and relations of the many patients they now send out of*
 the world.

On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions, for shooting a seaman, the council for the crown asked one of the witnesses, which he was for, plaintiff or defendant.—Plaintiff or defendant! says the sailor, scratching his head, *why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man there!* pointing at the prisoner.—You are a pretty fellow for a witness, says the council, *not to know what plaintiff and defendant means!* Some time after, being asked by the same council, what part of the ship he was in at the time; *abast the binnaele*, my lord, says the sailor. *Abast the binnacle!* replied the barrister; what part of the ship is that? Ha! ha! ha! chuckled the sailor, *are you not a pretty fellow for a counsellor, (pointing archly at him with his finger) not to know what abast the binnacle is!*

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment. Your lordship, replied the gentleman, is welcome to break the *tenth commandment as often as you please, provided you do not break the seventh.*

The duchess of Dorset sent a card of invitation to Mr. Pitt, with her respects, and to request his company to dinner at ten o'clock the next day; when he returned for answer, he was sorry he could not attend her Grace's invitation, as he was engaged to *sup at nine o'clock* the same day with the Bishop of Lincoln.

A young gentleman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them put the question to him, how he managed to have such good luck: Why, madam, says he, I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way.

The late Dr. Young had occasion to pay a visit to archbishop Potter's son, then Rector of Chiddingstone, near Tunbridge. This gentleman lived in a country where the roads were deep and miry. Dr. Young, after much danger and difficulty, arrived at the house, when he enquired whose field that was he had just crossed. It is mine, answered his friend. True, said the poet, *Potter's field to bury strangers.*

Sir Walter Raleigh one day smoaking in his study, inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small beer; when the fellow entered the room, he threw all the liquor in his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, fire! fire! *Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose.*

Dr. Hough, bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper as for many other good qualities, having a large company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass, which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who on delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, who was making many apologies for the accident. Be under no concern, my dear sir, said the bishop, smiling, I think it is rather a lucky omen, we have hitherto had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall have some rain, *for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low in my life.*

A certain captain, remarkable for his uncommon height, being one day at the rooms at Bath, a lady noticing him, enquired who he was; when she was informed of his family

mily and connexions, and that he had been originally intended for *the church*; to which she replied, he was better suited for *the steeple*.

A gentleman observing in a genteel assembly, that Dr. Graham, notwithstanding the notorious indelicacy of his lectures, was a man of such humanity, that he could not reconcile to himself the idea of feeding on animal food, and even wished, if possible, to be clothed, as well as fed, from the vegetable productions of the earth. *To clothe the doctor then, in his own way*, said a lady, as remarkable for her vivacity as her beauty and virtue, his *neckcloth should certainly be made of hemp*.

A gentleman lately deceased, who was much employed by the nobility to superintend works of taste, having finished an expensive head-piece to a canal, for a certain noble duke; after some short time it was discovered to leak; on which the duchess, expressing some disapprobation, the designer pertly replied: *I thought your Grace had known it is the fashion of the times to run out*.

Mr. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door, for admittance: Pray, gentlemen, says he, are you *Fox-hunting*, or *Hare-kunting* this morning?

A man, whose wife had been for some time indisposed, going home one evening, was informed by the servant that she was dead. Well, said the gentleman, I am going to club, send for me if I should be wanted. In about two hours he returned, and was going to bed as usual; when the maid cried out: *Lord, sir, don't go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber*. Yes, but I will, Betty, returned

turned he: *I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night before we part.*

Demetrius, king of Macedon, frequently retired from business, to indulge in sensual pleasures: on such occasions, however, he usually feigned indisposition. His father, Antigonus, coming one day to visit him, during his pretended illness, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. Demetrius, the instant he beheld his fire, told him that the fever had just left him. *I believe you, my son,* said Antigonus, *for I think I met it at the door.*

As a press-gang, during the late war, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed; who pleaded, that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed: Haul him along, cries one of the tars; he is the very man we want; *we press a damned number of blackguards, and are cursedly at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good manners.*

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both princes of very warm temper; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas Moore, his Chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. Never fear, man, said the King, if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power at least a head shorter. I am much obliged to your majesty, replied the facetious chancellor, *but I am much in doubt if any of their heads will fit my shoulders.*

A young country girl in Lombardy, running after her she-afs, which was in haste to get up to her foal, passed a gentleman on the road; who observing her look very buxom, and having a mind to be witty, called out, whence
do

• you come, sweetheart? From Villejuiff, fir, said she. From Villejuiff! answered the gentleman; and do you know the daughter of Nicholas Guillot, who lives there? Very well, replied the girl. Be so kind then, returned he, as to carry her a kiss from me; and throwing his arms round her neck, was about to salute her. Hold, fir, cried the girl, disentangling herself from his rude embrace, *since you are in such a hurry, it will be better to give your kiss to my ass, as she will be there some time before me.*

A patriotic candidate applied to a yeoman of a certain county for his vote, promising to exert his influence to turn out the ministry, and procure a fresh set. *Then I won't vote for you,* cried the farmer. Why not? said the patriot; I thought you a friend to your country.—So I am, replied the yeoman, and for that reason I am not for a change in the ministry. *I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them in lean, they eat the devil and all, but when they have once got a little fat, the keeping them is not near so expensive; so that I am for keeping the present set, as they will devour much less than a new one.*

Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Bomfoyl, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement; which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily, *Get out of my way boy!* *That boy, fir,* said the doctor, very calmly, *is a post-boy, who never turns out of his way for any body.*

A sailor passing by a cooper's shop, and seeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the street. The master coming out, and desiring to know the reason of the strange proceeding.—Damn it, replied Jack, *why should not every tub stand upon its own bottom.*

A cer-

A certain pope being informed that some Jews were desirous of the honour of an audience, said—*Jews! No, how can they expect to be admitted, who were the murderers of our dear Saviour!* But hearing afterwards that they were much afflicted at his refusal, having brought a very valuable present for his holiness, as a token of their respect, he cried, with a seeming careless concern, *Well, well, admit them, poor uninformed ignorant wretches, they knew not what they were doing.*

An honest peasant, settled in a small village, where in a short time he gained the good will of all his neighbours, he had, however, the misfortune to lose one of his best milch cows in the first year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager, took it so much at heart, that she absolutely fell sick, and died. The good man lamented the loss of his help-mate with the most unaffected sorrow, and remained for some months quite inconsolable. His neighbours now thought it their duty to reason him into resignation.—My friend, said one of them, the wife you have lost was really an excellent woman, but still you have a good remedy; you are a young and honest man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another. For my part, continued he, I have three daughters, and I shall be happy to call you son-in-law. Another, on this, offered him his sister; and a third, his niece.—*Good God!* exclaimed the mourner, *what a strange place this is! since a man who lives here had better lose his wife than his cow: My wife is dead, and lo! you tell me I may pick and chuse, to supply her place: but when my poor cow died, nobody ever thought of offering me another.*

A sailor, half groggy, passing along the street of a certain sea port town, discovered over an admiral's door, an escutcheon, and very naturally took it for an ale-house.—The gentleman (a ruddy looking portly man) standing at the door, he clapped him on the shoulder, *Damn it, landlord, you look like an honest fellow, give us a cup of the best.*—

The

The gentleman, to carry on the joke, ordered his servant to bring him some beer, which being done, the jolly tar, drank towards the landlord's good health, and enquired what was to pay, which the officer told him he might settle the next time he came that way.

One Sunday, during the last summer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain parish church, in the diocese of Gloucester, were set open, to admit more air, while the congregation were assembled for divine service. Just as the clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse (who by the bye was not much celebrated for his oratorical powers) a jack-ass which had been grazing in the church yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this a wag present, immediately got from his seat, and with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed, *One at a time, gentlemen, if you please!* The whole congregation set up a loud laugh, when the jack-ass took fright, and gave up the contest; though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would probably not have been the worst orator.

The late king of Prussia asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them? I will not affirm, said Sir Robert, that an equal number could beat them, but *I really believe from my soul, that half the number would be willing to try.*

An old Roman soldier being involved in a law-suit, implored the protection of Augustus; who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the emperor's coolness, exclaimed—*I did not use your highness thus, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium; but fought for you myself!* disclosing, at the same time, several wounds he had received on that memorable occasion. The retort so affected Augustus,

Augustus, that he is said to have personally pleaded the soldier's cause.

Few people were greater admirers of prudence and economy than Sir Richard Steele was, in precept; yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive frequently reduced him to difficulties, and exposed him to some circumstances rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined. Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who usually met at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeness, peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money, to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of an hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offer of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. Why, sir, says Sir Richard, I came for that very purpose; *and if you can lend me an hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it a favor.* Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been made only on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it cost him

him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out, *Why really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost in my power, but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house.*—Sir Richard, who saw the pitiful evasion, and was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. And so, sir, says he, you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friendship or esteem. A disappointment I can bear, but must by no means put up with an insult; therefore be so obliging as to consider, whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequence of my resentment. Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone of voice, that the baronet was startled, and said, seeming to recollect himself:—Lord! my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand pardons; upon my honour I did not remember—Bless me, I have an hundred pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service. So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up; and then addressed him in the following manner: *Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are; yet, rather than be made a fool, I choose to accept this hundred pound, which I shall return when it suits my conveniency.*—But that the next favor may be conferred with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expediency to preserve your recollection. Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave of the poor baronet, who was not a little surprised at the oddity of his behaviour.

Lord M——— on a visit the other day to Carlton house, was struck with amazement at the prince's Highlander, against whose knee pan his lordship by accident brushed his nose. The highlander *bto'd doon*, and hoped he had not offended; and this his lordship took so kindly, that he put a piece of money in his hand, and at the same time said, *you are one of the most extraordinary animals I ever saw!*

saw! The highlander, with peculiar archness, refused the money, saying, *My Lord, we naw taak any thing from one a nother.*

Jack Quick last season at Brighton, after having sweated through a long play and farce, was regaling himself behind the scenes with a tankard of brown stout—when Lord Barrymore was applauding him with, *Well done, old Barnaby.*—I thank your Lordship, I was old Barnaby, but at present I am stout *Little John.*

When Quick was playing, (as he lately did with some applause) Richard the Third, for his benefit, a wag enquiring what could induce him to sport himself in tragedy—when he was answered:

*Be it for better, be it for worse,
The Treasurer says it weightens the purse.*

It is to be remembered, that this excellent comedian, who so inimitably pourtrays the old character, made his *debuts* in Alexander the Great, Lear, Hamlet, and a long list of *et cetera* characters.

Mrs. Woffington, who often performed in men's cloaths, saying one day, in the green room, that she imagined half the town took her for a man.—No, no, says Mrs. Clive; you must certainly be mistaken, *for above half the town know you to be a woman.*

A quaker enquiring after the health of a certain nobleman, was told that he was excessively afflicted with the gravel; I am glad of it, says the quaker.—How! cried the other, glad that his lordship is troubled with the gravel! I tell you, friend, I am glad, replied the quaker, extremely glad; *because I hope, since he is so much gravelled, that he will endeavour to mend his ways.*

A cour-

A courtier of queen Elizabeth's, whom she had long encouraged to hope for some favour, vexed at repeated disappointments, was one morning walking pensively in her garden, when her majesty, calling to him from a window, said, *Sir Edward, what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?* the knight, after a moment's pause, with a very low bow, answered—*Of a woman's promise, Madam!* When the queen, who was moved at this reply, drawing instantly back, said to those about her, *I must not confute him; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A French ambassador, at the court of queen Christiana, after having seen the best parts of her kingdom, being asked by her majesty, how he liked poor Sweden; he replied—*Aye, poor Sweden, indeed! madam; for by the mass, if the whole country were mine, I would give every inch of it for a farm in France or England.*

An old French gentleman once complained that he had been cheated by a monk, when Senteuil, who was himself of that order, being present, said to him, *I am surprised, sir, that a person of your years and discretion should not yet know a monk.*

An Irishman meeting with one whom he had made a slight acquaintance a long time before, accosted him with, *Arrah by my shoul my dear honey, I am glad to see you now; but by my faith, joy, I have forgotten whether it be you or your brother.*

An Apothecary, who used to value himself on his skill in the nature of drugs, asserted, in a company of physicians, that all bitter things were hot. No, said a gentleman present, there is one of a very different quality, I am sure; *and that is a bitter cold day.*

Erasmus, who was of a sickly constitution, and had therefore obtained a dispensation for eating of flesh in
times

times of abstinence, being reproached by the pope, for not observing lent. *I assure your holiness, said he, that my heart is a Catholic one, but I must confess that I have a Lutheran stomach.*

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, in the presence of a very witty earl: *The original is indeed excellent, said his lordship; but every thing suffers by translation, except a bishop.*

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, *By G—d, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!* which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and the next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The Marshal being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, in his rough and hasty manner, *It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither.* Being introduced, the Marshal asked what he had to say? *Why, my lord, said the culprit, when first I had the honour of your conversation, you was obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know, if it is your pleasure to be so; because if you won't, I must, that's all.* — The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be released.

Dr. Johnson, travelling in the north of Scotland, could not see a house or tree in riding a great many mile, nothing but desolation and barrenness every where presenting themselves before his view; till at last he cast his eyes on a crow, that was perched on the stump of an old tree,

tree, kaving with great violence for want of food, which the doctor observing, could not help crying out, *Kaw, kaw, kaw, and be damn'd, if you will stay in such a country as this, when you have wings to fly away.*

A gentleman being confined to his chamber with the gout, gave his watch to an Irish footman, and bade him set it by the dial in the garden; Teague goes directly to the dial, but not knowing what to do, and being unwilling to return to his master, without shewing he would do him what service he was able, he got a pickaxe, and dug up the sun-dial; which being done, he, with great labour carried it up to his master, and told him he did not very well understand setting watches by sun-dials, but had brought up the dial that he might set his watch by it himself.

An Irish Counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other counsellors were very merry on the occasion. Well, now, says he, who the devil could help it, when there was an hundred Judges on the bench? An hundred! said a stander-by, there were but three.—By St. Patrick, replies he, *there was a figure of one and two cyphers.*

Diogenes being asked how he could live in a nasty tub, when he might bask in the favor of a court, replied, It is true, I am deprived of the smiles of kings; but I don't find the fun is more ashamed of my tub than it is of a palace.

A quack, who had affected an unlucky phrase at every turn, cried, *So much the better!* Visiting a patient almost in the agony of death, he asked how he slept that night.—Not a wink, sir; *So much the better,* cries the doctor. He then enquired, how his fever was: O Lord! says the patient, I burn as if I were on fire; *So much the better,* quoth the

the quack.—How does your cough? I spit up my lungs, replied the sick man; *So much the better, still,* answers the quack. *Ah! dear doctor,* quoth the expiring patient, *what a pity it is that a man should go out of this world with all these fine symptoms.*

A plain country fellow coming up to London, was requested to enquire after a gentleman, and to deliver him a letter. It happened that the gentleman himself came to the door; and, willing to joke with the fellow, told him he had lost his labour, for the party after whom he enquired was hanged the last session for a robbery. For a robbery! quoth the countryman: Now, fie upon him for a vile, wicked man! *was he not content to be a notorious cuckold (for so he was reckoned in the country) but he must turn thief too!*

A country lass coming up to town to seek her fortune, had the good luck to be hired to an old rich mercer, who was a batchelor, and whom she pleased so well, that at last he married her. Her brother Dick, the chief of her own kindred, who was a downright honest ploughman, hearing of his sister's promotion, put on his holiday cloaths, took up his quarter's wages, and came up to London: and knowing the street by the direction of a letter, though not the house, enquired from door to door for his sister Joan, who had lately married her master; till at last he was lucky enough to find the right, where he was highly welcomed. Being at dinner, the old mercer said, *Well, brother-in-law, as I now must call you, I am glad to see you, or any of my wife's relations; she has been a good servant to me, and I hope she will make as good a wife: we have a plentiful estate, and all I wish for is a son to inherit it, which yet we have no hopes of.* At this, Dick, looking wistfully at his sister, bluntly cried, *How now, Jean; what art thou turned a barren sow in London? thou wast not reckoned so in the country!* And though she frowned, beckoned, and made dumb signs for him to hold his peace, still he went on.—
Well,

Well, brother, continued he, *as for an heir, you need not trouble yourself much about that; for she has a thumping boy in the country, got by Will Dobs, her master's threshers; and the parish would be glad enough to be discharged of it.*

At a late masquerade, a certain lady of high fashion asked a young nobleman, why he had not brought his sister to that heaven. Truly, madam, answered his lordship, *my sister, happily for her, has no such angelic notions.*

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings; and one being put upon his plate he found it stink so much that he could not touch it. However he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it; and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear.—The gentleman, at whose table he was seated, enquiring into the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour; he told him that he had lost a brother at sea about a fortnight ago, and was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him.—Well, said the gentleman, pleasantly, and what answer did he make you? Why, replied the other very gravely, he told me that he could not possibly give me any account of my deceased brother, *as he had not been at sea these three weeks.*

At Croydon assizes, a surgeon was called as a witness, for the purpose of proving damages upon an action for an assault. He deposed that he bled the plaintiff; and being asked upon oath, if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, *We always find it necessary to do something when sent for.*

A little gentleman of the long robe having a dispute with a remarkably bulky barrister, the big man threatened to put him in his pocket: If you do so, said the dapper, you will have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head.

King Charles II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl very near the jack, *my soul to a horse-turd*, says he, *nobody beats that.—If you will lay odds, says Rochester, I'll take the bet.*

The great Henry IV. of France being asked by one of his haughty favourites why his Majesty gave himself the trouble to return the salutes of so many beggars who made their obeisance to him in the streets, instantly replied—*Because I wish not to see the beggars in my streets exceed me in politeness.*

Dr. Brown, chaplain to the Bishop of Hereford, dining one day with his lordship, in company with a young lady to whom he paid his addresses, was asked for his toast after dinner; when the bishop, perceiving him to hesitate, cried—*O I beg your pardon, doctor, your toast is not yet Brown.*

The late Pope Ganganelli, seeing a young man very intent upon taking off some fine pieces in one of the churches at Rome, sent for him, and desired to know his profession. The youth replied that he had been bred to none, but that his father was a merchant who had failed and died in Florence. Whatever your father was, said his holiness, I see you are inclined to be a painter, but it is not customary to take off church pieces in the manner you did. The young man now began to excuse himself, but the Pope desired him not be alarmed, insisted on seeing his piece, and had him instructed in drawing, at his own expence. Some of those about him expressed their wonder at his holiness's generosity to this stranger, and the more so as they said it appeared he was a Protestant, from which heresy not one step had been taken to convert him. Ah! said Ganganelli, as a Pope I am bound to commend your pious care; but as a man, I am bound to tell you, *that painting is of no religion.*

Q. W.

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An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward and bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his, observed that his cloaths did not fit him at all. How the devil should they, said the honest Hibernian, for when the taylor took measure of me, *he was in London, and I was in Dublin.*

A student in one of the Universities sent to another student of his college, to borrow a certain book. I never lend my books out said the latter, but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers he may make use of it as long as he pleases. A few days after, he that had refused the book, sent to the other to borrow a pair of bellows. I never lend my bellows out, says this other, but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers, he may make use of them as long as he pleases.

Lord S——— was one day at Huntingdon races, when a horse by the name of Satan ran for the plate—Lord S. coming up to a gentleman, said, sir, my eyes are not very good; which horse is first? I have bet on Satan. Aye, replied the other, you are on the right side; the *Devil is always a friend to your Lordship.*

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, was of a very whimsical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King's Bench, Foot was taken to a spunging house; when the following laconic letters passed between mother and son. *Dear Sam, I am in prison.—Answer, Dear mother, So am I.*

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, who persuaded him to bear away with his prize

prize to the justice of the peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man; the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, *He, d—n him, He, put me in bodily fear!* *No, nor any that ever lived:* therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go, *for d—n me if I swear to any such a lie.*

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vansittart's famous cause. In his address to the Jury, he said, that for brevity's sake, in the course of the trial, he should shorten Mr. Vansittart's name, and call him Mr. *Van*. When Mr. Vansittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him Mr. *Bear*.

A rider to a capital house in Watling-street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. Sir, (said the rider with great presence of mind, I have suffered you to take my property, and you are very welcome to it: It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm: but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any resistance, I should take it kind in you just to fire a pistol through my hat. With all my heart (said the highwayman), whereabouts will you have the ball?"—Here, said the rider, just by the side of the button—The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Goal.

The Marquis of Carmarthen being at Mitchener's coffee-room at Margate, was much solicited by a poor man to buy some toothpicks. Well, said the Marquis, what is the price of your toothpicks? A guinea a piece, replied the man. A guinea a piece! said the Marquis, why toothpicks must be very scarce at Margate, surely, by your asking such an exorbitant price? No, replied the man, toothpicks are not scarce here, but *Marquises* are.

Foote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day not long before his death, called upon an Alderman in the city (with whom he was intimately acquainted) just at dinner time, when, instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green peas soup, and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he should wait for something else. The alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes, for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. Oh! is it so, said Foote, then John, bring back the mutton, for I see it is *neck* or *nothing* with us.

A party of gentlemen at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, one evening, made an appointment to set out early the next morning for Cox-Heath camp; one of them said he was so drowsy in a morning, that he could not wake without being called. An Irish gentleman, one of the party, said, for his part, it was no trouble to him, to rise early, for he had been so fortunate as to buy an alarum, and therefore he had nothing to do but to *pull the string*; and then he could *wake himself* at what hour he pleased.

A rider to a capital house in the city, celebrated for his humour, as very many of his fraternity are, being at

at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers to sup with him at his quarters; presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went a round about way to work. Friend, said one, 'Dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself by singing a song?' I do, said he. 'Then if thou art inclined, resumed old broad brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee.' After repeated solicitations of this kind, he began to amuse himself in that way, and the friends seemed as much amused as he. It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of a song, not famed for its strict accordance with the rules of modesty; the rider paused, and said he did not chuse to proceed, as it was Sunday morning.—*Thou mayst finish thy song, friend*, said one of them, for I can assure thee that clock goes *five minutes too fast*.

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in Heaven before twelve o'clock to night. The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid!*

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head, the tonfor was giving him an account of the feat of the late war in America, and describing General Provost's situation before Charles-Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him that he hoped he was not *drawing a map of the country on his head with a razor*.

The famous Weston, of facetious memory, having borrowed on note, the sum of five^s pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-

house, which obliged Weston to take notice of it; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my heart, says Weston, *come, I'll wound you first*; so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief; Come, said the gentleman, *Where shall I wound you?* Weston putting himself in a posture of defence, *Where you can, by G—d, Sir.* Well, well, says the other, *I can swear I received this wound of you, and so marched off contentedly.*

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married? No, madam, replied he. How extremely well and fresh you look, cried the lady, surely you make use of viper broth? On the contrary, madam, said the gentleman, the cause I look so well is, *that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do with Vipers.*

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription? No faith Doctor, said Nash, *if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window.*

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in his chariot, demanded his money, with the usual compliment: the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, *that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery*

robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart said the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him if he did not re-deliver his purse he would shoot him. That you may, *if you can*, replied the highwayman, for I promise you *it is not loaded*, and rode off very coolly with his booty.

At an entertainment given by the heads of a parish, to which Charles Bannister was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper to call for. Hey dey, Mr. Amen, says Charles, this is making too free methinks; for though you make the company sing *what you please of a Sunday*, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so *every day in the week*.

The Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself incog. went to see a bull baiting near Hockley in the Hole. The bull, being true game, gave a great deal of sport, and foiled every dog that attacked him. At last old Towzer, whose owner was a butcher in Clare-Market, and stood close to the Prince, fairly pinned the bull. At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, *See there, my Prince, that is my dog, damme but it is.*

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. Tom, says he, here is a guinea, which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road. Yes, Sir, says the footman, I will endeavour.—When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to

his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea? Yes, Sir, says the man, I did it sily.—Aye! Tom, says the master, I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow; but tell me how? Why, Sir, says the footman, the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I *whipped it in between the halfpence*, and the man put it in his pocket, and never saw it.

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so? Prithee where is the wonder, says the other, *if she had got me with child*, you might have wondered indeed.

A highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after he had shaved him, asked the price. Two-pence, said the Highlander. 'No, no,' said the barber, I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again, and we'll not make a bargain. The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay.' A penny, says Strap. 'No, by my faith,' says Duncan, I'll give you a halfpenny, if that does not satisfy you, *put on my beard as it was before*, and we'll not make a bargain.'

A certain candidate for a borough some years ago, had among his committee of friends, one man who was remarkably ugly. When, after the election, the successful candidate was expressing his gratitude to them, he begged in particular to thank 'that gentleman for the very remarkable countenance he had shewn during the whole business.

A gentleman had lately occasion to call on an acquaintance, and enquiring of an Irish servant if his master was
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at home, was told that he was not. 'When will he return?' said the gentleman. 'By J—s said Teague, when my master gives orders to say *that he is not at home*, it is impossible to say when he will return.

The Queen Christiana, passing by a village in France, was harangued by a Consul, who was a Calvinist; he was eloquent, and she hearkened to him with attention and pleasure: but sir, said she to the Consul, you have neither spoken of my *abdication*, nor of my *conversion to the Catholic Faith*. 'Madam, replied he, I undertook to pronounce your *eulogium*, not to give your *history*.

At a late assizes, when the judge had with every due solemnity passed sentence of death on five criminals, who have since been executed, one of them, as soon as the judge had concluded, said, with great *sang froid*, 'Please you my lord, I had rather serve his majesty.'

Jonathan Durrant, who was tried at Norfolk, for privately stealing a *bridle* from the shop of a saddler, through the humanity of the jury, escaped the consequences of a capital conviction by their bringing in a verdict *guilty of stealing only*; upon which, he immediately turned round and thanked them for their lenity, at the same time archly adding, I assure you, gentlemen, I had no use for the *bridle*, I only meant to touch the *bit*, but I now find I had very nearly got a *halter*.

The late Lord Lyttleton, hearing that G——, a noted sharper, had married Miss V——, who was an idiot, and daughter of his particular friend—the first time he met the lady's father, being at a loss how to congratulate him upon so extraordinary an event and alliance, at last exclaimed, 'By G—d, V——, your grand-children will be *prodigies*.' Why so, said Mr. V——. 'Because,' replied his lordship, your daughter's a *fool*, and her husband's

band's a *rogue*; and at school I was taught to believe, that *two negatives make an affirmative.*

When the polling the sextons in Cornwall began, a bye stander observed, that he had not seen the election wear so *grave* an aspect before.

The sextons, when riding up to poll at the election for Cornwall, as they came to the hustings, cried out, *Free-man for ever*; at which the parish clerks said, *Amen.*

A wag, the other night, at Astley's, in the gallery, cried out most voraciously to the grimacer, 'Roast beef! Roast beef!' &c. The grimacer at that time was representing the clergy in France, *before* and *since* the revolution;—the former character he conceived would please the demandant, and the cry of 'Roast beef' being continued, he immediately swelled out his chest and his cheeks in a most unaccountable manner, and clapping his handkerchief under his chin, replied, '*voilà* Roast beef,' which so pleased the fellow, that he still kept interrupting the company, until the Grimacer by a turn of his hat, formed it into two horns, and addressed himself to the man in an attitude of surprise, which struck the fellow so much, that he cried out, the Grimacer must be a devil, for that he thought nobody knew except himself that his wife had ever made him *the figure he represented.*

On the report of a Spanish war, the disabled old *sailor*, who regularly solicits charity in St. Paul's Church-yard, addressed a naval officer lately in his usual whimsical terms; and being desired to say what would make him completely happy, he replied, 'God bless your honour, if you'll give me a *crown*, you'll make me a king; if but *half* a one, I shall be possessed of more than, I hope, the *Monarch of Spain* will soon have to boast of.'

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At the late Lancaster election, a butcher, who was marching in a tally, preceded by a band of music to exercise his privilege (in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious contest) was gently touched on the shoulder by the rod of the sheriff's officer, for twelve guineas, which sum he was indebted to a farmer, for fat sheep. With the virtue of a conjurer's wand, it instantly changed the scene, and operated so forcibly, as to oblige the *free-burgess* to make a transfer of some *newly acquired* property into the officer's pocket, and to vote contrary to his inclination and promise. One of the counsel observed, 'This was great generalship; the butcher *fleeced* the farmer, and the farmer *skinned* the butcher alive.'

Monsieur le Prince was one day in his coach with a very tiresome fellow, who teased him with stupifying stories:—'Sir, said he to him, either *do not put me to sleep, or let me sleep quietly.*'

An Irish gentleman was arrested and confined some weeks, for a debt due by his brother. He brought his action for false imprisonment, when there appeared precisely as many witnesses to prove the identity of his person, as there were to his being no other than *himself*.—The judge was astonished, and the jury, for once, at a loss for a verdict; when lo!—the brother appeared, the glorious uncertainty of the law vanished, and the defendant paid dearly for the explanation of—*Fronti nulla fides*.

A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, Lord bless me, I have forgot my laced waistcoat! The master of the house told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dressed—You mistake me, replied the guest, I do not mean a gold laced waistcoat, but my waistcoat with *a lace behind*.

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of his speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken-winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken-winded was. Yes, but I do, says the man, for he cries a *hem, hem*, just as you do.

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade was told of some of his tracks by a merchant on 'Change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, What, Sir, do you call me a rogue? No, I do not call you rogue, said the merchant, but I will give you ten guineas, if you find any one here, who will say *you are an honest man*.

An arch barber at a certain borough in the West, where there are but few electors, had art enough to suspend his promise till the voters, by means of bribery, (the old balsam) were so divided, that the casting vote lay in himself. One of the candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty shop to be shaved, and when the operation was finished, threw into the basin twenty guineas. The next day came the other candidate, who was shaved also, and left thirty. Some hours after this, the first returned to solicit the barber's vote, who told him very coldly, that he could not promise. Not promise! says the gentleman, why I thought I had been shaved here? It is true, says the barber, you was, but *another gentleman* has been trimmed since that: however, if you please, *I will trim you again, and then I will tell you my mind*.

An officer in the English service going on the expedition against the Americans at Bunker's-hill, gave orders to his taylor to make him a suit of cloaths, and to put within side the lining of his waistcoat, *a plate of brass*, as a shield from the enemy; which the taylor, through a lucky mistake, placed in the inside of the lining of the breeches;

breeches ; the officer being directly after led on to battle, a precipitate retreat immediately ensued, and being closely pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to make his escape by jumping over a hedge, which one of the enemy perceiving, thrust the bayonet in his tail, as he thought, and pushed him over. The enemy then left him. When he got safe to camp, he could not but extol the taylor's conduct, *who knew where his heart lay better than himself.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth, speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale, that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate the person as the lie would. After digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them that they were not such loaves as are used now, but were as big as a mountain ; on the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang* ; What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend ? No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were that baked them.*

A certain nobleman who used to dangle after Miss Yonge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love ? *Your Lordship*, she answered, *is the best cure in the world.*

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surpris'd on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected ; the honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country

try gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way: pray what is the meaning of that, sir,? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's *that you sent me* for a present out of the country.

The emperor of Germany some time since travelling before his retinue, as is his usual way, attended only by a single Aid-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept a public house some where in the Austrian Netherlands. The man having his house pretty full, it being fair time, and not knowing who his guests were, appointed them to sleep in an outhouse, which he very readily complied with, after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted only to three shillings and six-pence English, and rode off. A few hours after, several of his suit came to enquire after him, when the publican understanding whom he had for his guest, seemed very uneasy. Plha! man, never mind this affair said one of his attendants, Joseph is used to such adventures; he will think no more on it. Aye, that may be, replied the landlord, but by G—d I shall never forget the circumstance of having an emperor in my house, and letting him off for *three and six-pence*.

Counsellor Garrow, of scrutiny memory, soliciting a place in a public line, was offered the post of Solicitor-General to one of the ceded islands, but finding that the profits and emoluments were nothing, and only an honorary post, replied. Why, if I accept that office, instead of being Solicitor-General, I must be *General Solicitor*, and *beg my way* to the place.

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At Hampstead Assembly, some years since, an Irish gentleman, who danced with great spirit, though not perhaps with all the grace of a *Vestris*, was observed by a maccaroni, in the same country dance, who immediately began mimicking him in the most extravagant manner. The Irishman took no notice for some time, but seeing himself the general object of laughter, he came very deliberately up to the mimic, and asked, Why he presumed to take him off! Me, sir, says the other, you mistake the matter, *it is my natural way of dancing*. Is it, said the Hibernian, seemingly accepting the excuse, well, to be sure, nobody can help what is natural; but hark ye, my friend, be sure you continue in that *natural* step all night; for by G—d, if you once attempt to make it *artificial*, I will break every bone in your skin—The poor maccaroni was obliged to subscribe to the sentence, to the no small amusement, as well as satisfaction of the whole company.

As a poor man was passing through Smithfield, who could hardly walk, he was stopped by a young man, who jeeringly offered to carry him. No, replied the old man, I shall buy an *ass* to-morrow.

Soon after the appearance of Garrick, at Drury-lane theatre; when he, by his astonishing powers, brought a great number to the Theatre, and Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent-Garden to empty benches; the two gentlemen, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one evening at the Bedford Coffee-house; they fell into conversation, when Mr. Garrick asked the Covent-Garden manager, How much his house would hold when crowded with company?—Why, master, replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, I cannot tell, but if you will come and play *Richard* for one night, I shall be able to give an account.

A Lady wished a young married man joy, for she heard his wife was *quick* already. Ay, said he, quick indeed,
for

for I have been married but six months, and she was brought to bed yesterday.

A few years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger, at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the court of King's Bench, in a parish suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other questions, his name and profession? Why, and please your honour, said he, my name is Will Stevens, and I am a grave-digger at your worship's service.

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name, being informed it was Russel. Pray, says the gentleman, is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's? As to our arms, your honour, says the porter, I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a d—n'd deal of difference between our coats.

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had just expired. Your lady may be apparently dead, said the doctor, yet not actually so. He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient actually dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it. I see, said the Doctor, with much seriousness, 'the poor lady expected me; *God rest her soul*.

A gentleman at the West end of the town dining at his own house with a friend, on some cold roast mutton, his servant accosted him in the following manner. Please, sir, to order the cook to lash the mutton for our dinner, for I cannot eat cold meat. His master bid him not be impertinent before company, and he should take another opportunity of speaking to him: however, the man persisted in his request, the gentleman turned him out of the room. The next morning the master called him before him, and told him to provide himself with a place. Do you really mean

mean I should leave you then? said the man. Certainly! replied the gentleman. I'll expose you then (quoth the servant) to the whole neighbourhood, how you use us; 'a man may make a shift to eat cold meat when out of place, says the fellow, but I am (determined my master, whoever he be, shall always provide me with hot dinners.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Pallais*, a place in Paris, somewhat like what our exchanges formerly were, observed; while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him: the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of those times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels; upon which the thief (for such he was) began to have a design; and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity: the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and slyly drawing out of his pocket a penknife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! Murder! cries the thief; Robbery! Robbery! cries the gentleman, upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman. There are your *tags* and *buttons*? Very well, said the gentleman, (throwing it back in the like manner,) there is *your ear*.

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green-room with Mrs. Clive, the actress, Madam, says he, I have heard of *tartars* and *brimstones*, but by G—d, you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other.

A fellow who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman, in French, with *Quelle-heure est il Monsieur?* What is it o'clock, Sir? To which the gentleman answered,

swered, in Latin, *Nescio*, I don't know. Damn it said the fellow, 'I did not think it was near so late;' and ran off as if he had something of consequence to do.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cries out, Ten-pence! my lord: why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds.— Oh! says his lordship, we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*.

A Scotch Member of Parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the Marquis. By my troth, quoth he, what I hae to tell ye is very bawd on our feed. Prithee, said the Marquis, do not keep me any longer in suspense; what is it? Don't your lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over? That is impossible, says the Marquis, for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney; but what makes you think so? Why, and please your lordship, I saw the other morning, a *five hundred pound bank note in his hand*; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country.

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster-hall, a witness being produced that had an enameled nose; counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, Now you are sworn, what can you say with your copper nose? Why, by the oath I have sworn, *I would not change my copper nose, for your brazen face*.

A fellow hearing the drums beating up for volunteers in France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself, so returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits

plots he had done there? he said, that he had cut off one of the enemy's legs; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh! said he, you must know that *his head was cut off before.*

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Berenford, who had often jeered him, Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to bed of a boy two days ago.—Faith, replied Berenford, I never questioned *your wife's abilities.*

When Lieutenant O'Brian, who was afterwards called Sky-Rocket Jack, was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, and was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with much pleasantry, I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, *for I came out of the ship in such a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself.*

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. Zounds, says Jack, this will not do for me? he is too short in the back. Oh, Sir, replies the ostler, he is the better for that. D—n him, he will not do, I tell you; get me a horse with a *longer back*, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.

Quin used annually to come to London, to play for Ryan's benefit. He had performed, the season before, the part of Falstaff for the benefit of his old acquaintance Mr. Ryan. This testimony of regard had the desired effect: and the actor profited greatly by the exhibition. His success upon this occasion, induced Ryan to solicit
the

the same favour next year. The application produced an answer from Quin, which whilst it is in the true laconic style, is rich in meaning: I shall therefore give it verbatim.

I would *play* for you if I could; but will not *whistle* for you. I have willed you a thousand pounds. If you want money you may have it, and save my executors trouble.

James Quin.

The Baron des Aldrets, one of the generals of the Catholics, took during the wars, a castle belonging to the Protestants, and condemned all the soldiers that had defended it, to leap out at a window of that castle. One of them advanced twice to the brink of the precipice, and still shrunk back. Whereupon the Baron said, Come, take your leap, without any more a-do; for I'll make you suffer greater torments, if you go back a third time. Sir, answered the soldier, since you take the thing to be so easy, *I'll lay any sum you don't do it in four times.*—Which so pleased the Baron, that as cruel as he was, he pardoned the soldier, upon account of this repartee.

Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman stepped into the next room, and told his wife he had invited the doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the *stranger* in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, 'I beg, Sir, you will make *no stranger* of me.'

One

One Mr. *Ash*, who was himself a famous punster in Ireland, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat: Indeed, Sir, said he, I dare not. Dare not, replied the other, what do you mean by that? You know, Sir, answered he, there is an act of parliament *against stripping of Ash*.

King Charles the second, after the Restoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verses, and said finer things of Cromwell than of him. That may very well be, replied Waller, for poets generally succeed better in *imaginary things than in real ones*.

Upon the death of the famous Moliere, a poet waiting with his epitaph upon the Prince of Conde, the prince told him he should have been much better pleased, if *Moliers* had brought him his.

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, there goes the handsomest woman I ever saw. She hearing him; turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, I wish I could in return, say as much of you, so you may, madam, said he, *and lie as I do*.

A few months since, a waterman, who for years had plied upon the Thames, became by the death of an uncle, at Deptford, (who had made a fortune by the laudable dealing in seamens wills and powers), heir to a very desirable estate, both real and personal, by the testator, without mentioning his name, singly recording, I leave all my wealth to my heir at law. When he came into possession, he invited the other poor relations of the deceased, whose hopes of their relation's dying without a will, had thus been baulked of a family dinner, and after it was over, divided among them effects to the value of 7000l. reserving for himself about 2000l. and an estate of about 160l. a year, on which he has retired to a village near
Grave-

Gravesend, where he lives an ornament to human nature, often amusing himself on his old element, and frequently rowing passengers to town, but never *gratis*, because that would deprive his old companions of bread.

When Alderman Prampton, who acquired an immense fortune in the business of a bookseller, first began trade in Dublin; the few volumes he had collected were insufficient to fill his shop, but knowing how much the world is led by appearances, he had recourse to a whimsical expedient, which fully answered his purpose; in a few days his shelves appeared completely covered, but as he afterwards confessed to a friend, it was done thus: *Locke on Education*, consisted of a couple of bricks neatly covered and labelled; *Theobald's Edition of Shakspeare*, was made up of some square boxes of bran, which his wife had collected for domestic uses. *Hill's* voluminous works, were neatly made up of wood; and *The Sure Guide to Salvation*, was labelled on his square tobacco box. These substitutes, as his finances flourished, were exchanged for the volumes they represented, but in many instances he used sarcastically to observe the change was not much for the better.

A military captain, who lived by his wits, visiting a friend in the Tower, about dinner time, his friend being absent, in his walk, he saw divers dishes of meat, and bottles of wine, carried up to a lord's lodging, and immediately after followed the guests, among which the captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely; but often the Lord had an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his guests, whose relation he was? Which the captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words, My lord, do you not know me? No, indeed, sir, said the lord. Quoth the captain, sure you do, my lord, for you and I have been in all the prisons in England. How, said the Lord, I never was in any but

but this of the Tower in my life. True, my lord, answered the captain, *and I have been in all the fest.* At which jest the lord and his company laughed heartily, and told him he was welcome.

Mr. Glover, the late dancing master of the royal family, being in company with Picard the fencing master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions, each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other. At length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms, next morning, in Hyde-park. The combatants met. When Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his kit, and began to play a minuet, saying, Why don't you dance? Picard was very angry, exclaiming, He did not understand being trifled with. No, said Glover, I do not trifle with you, 'This proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse without the assistance of any.

Lord Granby, who had long wished to be in company with Quin; one morning perceiving from the Star and Garter, at Richmond, that celebrated epicure, coming slowly up the hill in a one horse chaise, dispatched a friend to entreat the favour of his company to partake of a turtle, weighing 130 pounds, which was that day for dinner. Quin, with his usual pomposity of manners, observed, he could produce two exquisite reasons for declining his lordship's invitation, and immediately undoing the flap of his chaise, discovered a fine *chicken turtle*, and a *haunch of venison* at his feet, both of which he pledged his honour to a particular friend, should be on the table at four o'clock precisely.

Such is the force of female curiosity, that lady Wallace, who is never at a loss for an answer, one day affected to be wanting on that point: Pray, sir, said her Ladyship to a country gentleman, I am often asked what

age I am, what answer should I make? the gentleman immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning; said, madam, when you are asked that question again, answer, that you are not yet come to years of *discretion*.

When Charles F—— was vehemently teased for money, by some Hebrew Creditors, he told them, he would discharge the incumbrance as soon as possible.

‘ But Mr. F——, name the *daysh* ?

‘ The day of Judgment——

‘ Oh *Milhter* F——, that will be too *bishy* a day for us.

‘ Right, Moses, so we will make it the day after !’

The late Lord Ross engaged an apothecary, in Oxford-street, to attend three of his servants who were dangerously ill, and went to Ireland without discharging the account—In about two years after this event, he returned to London, and was traced by the apothecary, who knew his carriage, and stopt him in Bond-street—Lord Ross enquired for the bill, which the understrapper of Esculapius presented in at the window with a receipt—The sum total was sixteen pounds ten shillings and six-pence, which he thinking an exorbitant charge, pulled out his purse, gave the pharmacopolist half-a-guinea, and then ordered his coachman to drive on; but not before the enraged apothecary had surveyed the limited recompence with surprise, and exclaimed, in the hearing of a mob, Ah, you Irish bite, I have got *six and three-pence* by you now.

When Lord Chesterfield was dying, Sir Thomas Robinson paid him a visit of condolence, and said rather bluntly, ‘ I am sorry, my Lord, to perceive that you are dying *by inches*.—‘ Oh, don't be sorry about the matter, replied the dying peer) but thank God, that I am not so tall as you by a *foot*.’

A Scotch officer paid a visit to Bethlem hospital, was called after by a young female, who seemed to know him; upon his coming up to her, she asked him if he would fight, and thereupon presented a straw, he accepted the challenge, for the joke's sake. They parried for some time, till the young Bedlamite took an opportunity to stoop down and lift up her pot full of thick and thin, which she suddenly flung at poor Sawny, *There, (says she) go tell your shitten colonel that I have made a shitten captain of you.*

The late Mr. Churchill, the poet, being in company with some men of quality at a tavern, was called upon to give his toast, he named lady L —; the nobleman demanded why he named her? Why not, replied the poet, she has the qualifications of a *toast, being both brown and dry*; which answer made them laugh, his lordship having been compelled to marry her against his inclination.

Two bonny Scots, having just got a place at St. James's, and being in bed, the one in his sleep bawled out terribly, which the other hearing, desired to know what was the matter? matter, quoth he, *Mon, I've dream'd a very ugly dream.* Prithee, lod, didst dream of the deel? says Wally, *Na, 'twas worse than the deel, and hell to boot,* says fawny, *for I dreamed I was transported into my own country, never more to see And England again.* Ah, mon, says Wally, *that was very tirrible indeed.*

One told another, who was not used to be cloathed very often, that his new coat was too *short* for him; that's true, answered his friend; but it will be long enough before I get another.

A certain lady, finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chambermaid, turned her away immediately. Hussy, said she, I have no occasion for such

Q. W.

D

flats

puts as you, only to do that work, which I chuse to do myself.

Although the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of ; yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous : Of this sort was old Smith the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body should know it. Honest Joe Miller, going with a friend one day along Fleet-street, and seeing old Smith on the other side of the way, told his acquaintance he should see some sport ; so, beckoning to Smith with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he hallowed to him, though he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way. What a pox, said he, *do you make such a noise for ? Do you think one cannot hear you.*

A conceited fellow, who fancied himself a poet, asked Nat. Lee, if it was not easy to write like a *madman*, as he did ; No, answered Nat ; But it is easy to write like a *fool*, as you do.

A gentleman was saying one day at George's coffee-house, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general *deluge*. Zoons, Sir, said an old campaigner, who stood by, Who is that ? I have heard of all the *Generals* in Europe but him.

Lord R— having lost fifty guineas one night at the gaming table in Dublin, some friends condoling with him upon his ill luck ; Faith, said he, I am very well pleased at what I have done ; for I have bit them by G—, there is not one guinea that don't want *six-pence of weight*.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air ; Well, honest fellow, said he, 'tis your business
to

to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, 'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp.

Once on a time a person who had been a dependant on a nobleman, begged his interest for him at court; and to press the thing the more upon him, said he had nobody to depend upon but *God and his Grace*. Then, said the duke, you are in a miserable way; for you could not have pitched upon any two who have less interest at court.

A pragmatistical young fellow, sitting at a table over against the learned John Scott, asked him, What difference there was between *Scot and sot*? Just the breadth of the table, answered the other.

The famous Chancellor Moore, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed on Tower-hill, the headsman demanded his upper garment as his fee; Ah, friend, said he, taking off his cap, *that I think is my upper garment*.

When Sir Richard Steel was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting and scratching his pate, told him he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir Richard, says the fellow, *we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I do not admire your subject.

D a

A certain,

A certain reverend drone in the country, was complaining to another, That it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. Oh! said the other, I preach twice every Sunday, *and make nothing of it.*

A French marquis, being one day at dinner at the late Sir Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions, particularly the *ruffle*, which he said, *Was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nations*, Roger allowed what he said, but at the same time, That the English, according to custom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, *by adding the shirt to it.*

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run away into the next room, where was a bed; Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, *I tar squeaking. Bar the door, you fool,* cried she.

A very modest young gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him from thence by throwing stones at him: Oh! my friend, said one of his companions, your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it *draws the very stones about you.*

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steel, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? Faith, said the knight, *I believe there is something in the*

the air of Ireland, and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there he would do the same.

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surpris'd to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him; the same gentleman sometime after was desirous of borrowing a larger sum. No, said the other, *you have deceived me once, and I am resolv'd you shall not do it a second time.*

A country parson having divided his text under two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the sleeve, asked him whither he was going? *Home for my night cap,* answered the first; *for I find we are to stay here all night.*

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*: Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steel here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God,* and so went cleverly through the *Creed*: Well, said the other, *I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.*

Lord Strangford, who stammered very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table, that Balaam's ass spoke, because he was pri—est. Priest rid, Sir, said a valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the chair, my lord would say, No, friend, replied the bishop, *Balaam could not speak himself, and so his ass spoke for him.*

Lady N——t, who had but a very homely face, but was extremely well-shaped, and always neat about the legs and feet, was tripping one morning over the Park in a mask; and a gentleman followed her for a long time,

making strong love to her: He called her his life, his soul, his angel, and begged, with a deal of earnestness, to have one glimpse of her face: at last, when she came on the other side of the bird-cage walk, to the house she was going into, she turned about, and pulling off her mask, Well, Sir, said she, what is it that you would have of me? The man, at first sight of her face, drew back, and lifted up his hands, Oh! *nothing, madam, nothing*, cried he; I cannot say, said my lady, but I like your *sincerity*, tho' I hate your *manners*.

A certain wit and Foxite being at my lord mayor's feast, just after Mr. Pitt and his friends came into administration, when after two or three healths the ministry was toasted, but when it came to his turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next to him; The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out gentlemen, *Where sticks the Ministry,?* *At nothing, by G—*, says he, and so drank off his glass.

Lord Craven, in King James the first's reign, was very desirous to see Ben Johnson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refused him admittance with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it? Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, He understood his lordship desired to see him, You, friend, said my lord, who are you? Ben Johnson, replied the other: No, no, quoth my lord, you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the Silent Woman; you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose; *Bo*, cried Ben: Very well, said my lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; I am now convinced, by your wit, you are Ben Johnson.

Dr.

Dr. Tadloe, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go *thump, thump*, with his great legs through a street in Oxford, where some paviors were at work, in the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. Ah! God bless you, master, cries one of them, it is very kind of you to come this way; it *saves us a great deal of trouble this hot-weather.*

Two Oxford Scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire ostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be an *horse*, or an *ass*. Well, said the ostler, and I can prove your saddle to be a *mule*. A *mule*! cried one of them, how can that be? Because, said the ostler, *it is something between an horse and an ass.*

A midshipman being one night in company with Joe Miller, said, that being once in great danger at sea, every body was observed to be upon their knees, but one man, who being called upon to come with the rest to prayers: Not I, said he, *it is your business to look after the ship, I am but a passenger.*

King Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthless fellow, of a mean aspect; when he was going to lay the sword upon his shoulders, the new knight drew a little back, and hung down his head, as out of countenance? Don't be ashamed, said the king, *I have most reason to be ashamed.*

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where, seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there: but calling to the clerk; Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads*, cried the other. Do you? answered the countryman; Egad! then you have a special trade, *for I see you have but one left.*

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a question in Latin. The fellow, shaking his head, said, he did not understand him; How is that, said the gentleman? Did you not say you were a poor scholar? Yes, replied the other, a *poor* one indeed, sir, *for I do not understand one word of Latin.*

A lady's age happened to be questioned, she affirmed she was but *forty*, and called upon a gentleman, who was in company, for his opinion: Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but *forty*? I am sure, Madam, replied he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these *ten years.*

A lieutenant colonel to one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched by the duke of Berwick, from Fort-Keil, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment; his majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. Sir, said the officer, *all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint.*

A courtier, who was a confidant in the amours of Henry IV. of France, obtained a grant from the king, for the dispatch whereof he applied himself to the lord high chancellor; who finding some obstacle in it, the courtier insisted still upon it, and would not allow of any impediment. *Que chacun se mele de son metier*, said the chancellor to him, that is, *Let every one meddle with his own business.* The courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping: My employment, said he, is such, that if the king was twenty years younger, I would not exchange it for three of yours.

A gen.

A gentleman saying one day at a table, that he could not endure a breast of mutton: You said so the other day, cried another, of a breast of veal. Very true, answered the first, I do not love the breast of any thing but of a woman, and that goes against my *stomach*.

A reverend gentleman in the East, well known for the *orthodoxy* of his practice and opinions, in one of his peregrinations to the West part of the town, stopped at his butcher's to order a leg of pork for his family's dinner. The butcher had just then hired a new man, who was unacquainted with the doctor's residence, and when he ordered it to be taken home, naturally concluded that he was to follow him. The first place the gentleman stopped at was the Pamphlet shop, at the 'Change, to purchase *A Word of Advice to Preachers*; the man with the leg of pork having been close at his heels all the way, and waiting at the door till he came out. Thence the doctor went to the London Coffee-house, where the man diligently followed, and as patiently waited for him. Last of all, the Doctor went to a counsellor of his acquaintance in the Temple, who, being at home, he was of course shewn in. Here the man thought his travels were at an end, and knocked at the door; that observing a gentleman in black answering the description of the counsellor, had ordered the leg of pork, this brought the counsellor down, and after much misunderstanding, it was settled, that it must be for the gospel and not for the law. The doctor had him called up, and reprobated the mistake in severe terms, to which the man rather archly replied, that the fault had not originated with him, but if he was in the wrong, he had followed the church through thick and thin, and to his sorrow found he was in an error at last.

An Irishman having purchased a sixteenth of a ticket, for which he gave thirty shillings, tickets being then at no advanced price; upon hearing that he was to receive but twenty-five shillings for his share of a twenty-pound

prize, exclaimed, ' By Jafus I am a lucky fellow that I don't lose more : for if I lose five shillings by a twenty-pound prize, what should I have lost by the twenty thousand pounds? "

The same person purchased a ticket, which he regularly insured, but did not come up, as it remained undrawn in the wheel. The following lottery the number was drawn a prize, when he regularly demanded it, swearing. that he was the first entitled to it in that he had waited for it from the last lottery.

A gentleman in the country having the misfortune to have his wife hang herself on an apple-tree, a neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a cyon of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard; For who knows, says he, *but it may bare the same fruit.*

Monsieur Vangelas having obtained a pension from the French king, by the interest of cardinal Richlieu, the cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the word *pension* in his dictionary. No, my lord, said Vangelas, nor the word *gratitude.*

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? Oh! said he, *I belong to another parish.*

An Irishman being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp, he observed that some of the fish moved after they were gutted and put in the pan, which very much surprised Teague; Well now, faith, said he, of all the *Chriitian* creatures that ever I saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead.

Agen-

A gentleman happening to turn up against a house to make water, did not see two young ladies looking out of a window close by, till he heard them giggling: then looking towards them, he asked, What made them so merry? Oh! Lord, said one of them, *a very little thing will make us laugh.*

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggyish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you; but in half a dozen steps the horse funk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thou whorson rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? Ay, replied the other, but you are not half way to the bottom yet.

The famous Tom King, who is remarkable for his good housekeeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him cried, he begged his worship would give him a mug of his *small* beer. Why, how now, says he, what times are these, when beggars must be chusers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of *strong beer.*

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one asked the other, How the devil he could afford to undersel him every where as he did, when he *stole* the stuff, and made the brooms himself? Why you silly dog, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A lady who had generally a pretty many intrigues upon her hands, not liking her brother's, extravagant passion for play, asked him when he designed to leave off *gaming*? When you cease *loving*, said he; Then replied the lady, you are like to continue a *gamester as long as you live.*

A foldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, told him, He had best take heed the next time he ran away, *how he looked back.*

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil; The gentleman, who sat next him, said, He had no objection to any of his lordship's friends.

- Some gentlemen going into a bawdy house tavern at Charing-cross, found great fault with the wine, and sending for the master of the house, told him it was sad stuff, and very weak. It may be so, said he, for my trade does not depend on the *strength of my wine*, but on that of *my tables and chairs*, and the *weakness of my customers.*

A gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horse, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was. *I se Yorkshire*, said the fellow, *an ha lived sixteen years here.* I wonder, replied the gentleman, that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself. Ay, answered the ostler, *but maister's York too.*

The late colonel Kelly, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, That if such a thing as a good name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 pounds for one. The nobleman said, It would certainly be the worst money he ever laid out in his life. Why so, said the honest colonel? Because, answered the lord, *you will forfeit again in less than a week.*

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape; upon the trial, the judge asked her if she made any resistance. I cried out and please you my lord. Ay, said one of the witnesses, but that was *nine months* after.

A young

A young lady who had been married but a short time, seeing her husband going to rise pretty early in the morning, said, what, my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer and rest yourself. No, my dear, replied the husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

The deputies of Rochelle attending to speak with Henry the Fourth of France, met with a physician who had renounced the Protestant religion, and embraced the Popish communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The king hearing of it told the deputies he advised them to change their religion too; For it is a dangerous symptom, said he, that your religion is not long lived, *when a physician has given it over.*

A Westminster justice, taking coach in the city, and being set down at Young Man's Coffee-house, Charing-Cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence for his fare. The justice asked him if he would swear that the ground came to the money. The man said he would take his oath of it. The justice replied, Friend, I am a magistrate; and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his six-pence, saying, He must reserve a *shilling to himself for the affidavit.*

A respectable city merchant, but plain, both in manners and dress, having some business lately at the west end of the town, stepped into a coffee-house in the Mall to refresh himself. Among the company in the room were a couple of *Westminster Jemmies*, who occupied the fire by roasting their more ignoble parts, in the attitude so excellently represented in the humorous French print of 'The English fire-side.' Inclined to roast also the merchant, one of them exclaimed, '*Smoke the Cit*!'—the merchant took not the least notice, but read his news paper with great composure;—this encouraged the Jemmies to approach him, with, '*Any news, Mr. Quidnunc?*' 'Yes, Sir, I was reading an advertisement of two *strayed puppies*'

puppies, and perhaps, young gentlemen, you can give some account of them.'

A countryman passing along the Strand, saw a coach overturned, and asking what was the matter, he was informed, That three or four members of Parliament were overturned in that coach. Oh, said he, there let them lie, my father always advised me not to meddle with *state affairs*.

A young Irish barrister, on being told that John Bull was an Englishman, in the brotherly affection of his heart, exclaimed, 'By J——s, and I am proud to hear of our near alliance; and that it is your family of the *Bulls* that make us sister kingdoms!'

A country fellow in Charles the Second's time, selling his load of hay in the Haymarket, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts, were talking of affairs; one said, that things did not go right, the king had been at the house, and prorogued the parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London? Odd's-heart, said he, there's something to do there; the king has it seems, *berogued* the parliament sadly.

A Welshman and an Englishman vapouring one day at the fruitfulness of their countries, the Englishman said, There was a clove near the town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a Kiboo was thrown in over night it would be so covered with grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next day. Splut; says the Welchman, what's that? There is a clove where her was born, where you may put your horse in over night, and *not be able to find him next morning*.

A reverend and charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a large causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the work,
a certain

a certain nobleman came by : Well, doctor, said he, for all your great pains and charity, I do not take this to be the *highway* to heaven. Very true, my lord, replied the doctor, for if it had, I should have wondered to have met your lordship here.

The famous Sir George Rook, when he was a captain of the marines, was quartered at a village where he hurried a pretty many of his men ; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more unless he was paid for it ; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the foldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, if he would fetch the man away, he would bury *him*, and all *his company* for nothing.

Two countrymen who had never seen a play in their lives nor had any notion of it, went to the theatre in Drury-lane, when they placed themselves snug in the corner of the middle gallery ; the first music played, which they liked well enough ; then the second and third, to their great satisfaction ; at length the curtain drew up, and three or four actors entered to begin the play ; upon which one of the countrymen cried to the other, Come, Hodge, let us be going, *may hap the gentlemen are talking about business.*

Some gentlemen having a hare for supper at a tavern, the cook, instead of a pudding, had crammed the belly full of thyme, but had not above half roasted the hare, the legs being almost raw, which one of the company observing, said, There was too much thyme, (*time*) in the belly, and *too little* in the legs.

In eighty eight, when queen Elizabeth went from Temple Bar along Fleet-street, on some procession, the lawyers were ranged on one side of the way, and the citizens

tizens on the other; says the lord Bacon, then a student, to a lawyer that stood next to him, Do but observe the courtiers, if they bow first to the citizens, *they are in debt*; if to us, *they are in law*.

A certain justice of the peace, not far from Clerkenwell, in the first year of king George I. when the fellow, whom he hired to officiate as his clerk, was reading a mitimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1714*, How now, said he, with some warmth, and why not *Georgio Domini*? sure you forget yourself strangely.

The Earl of S—— a few years ago kept an Irish footman, who perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain judge, the judge in return, sent my lord half a dozen live partridges with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's head, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my lord had read the letter, Why, Teague, said my lord, I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter; Now, arrah, dear honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are all lost out of the basket.

A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that she was dead, and had been burried; in the mean time she had so placed herself in disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprised; a person
by

by said, Why, fir, you seem more afraid now than before, Ay, replied he, most men are more afraid of a *living wife* than a *dead one*.

Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking one word; the other mounting the ladder, began to harangue the croud, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession from him. Good people, says he, my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable *spectacle* he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a *pair of spectacles*.

A person enquiring what became of such a-one? Oh, dear, says one of the company, poor fellow, he died insolvent; cries another, that is a lie, *for he died in England*, I am sure I was at his burying.

A young gentlewoman who had married a very wild spark, that had run through a plentiful fortune, and was reduced to some straits, was innocently saying to him one day, my dear, I want some *shifts* sadly. Madam, replied he, how can that be, *when you make so many every day*.

A fellow once standing in the pillory at Temple Bar, it occasioned a stop, so that a carman with a load of cheese had much a-do to pass; and driving just up to the pillory, he asked, What that was written over the person's head? they told him it was a paper to signify his crime, that he stood there for *forgery*. Ay, said he, What is forgery? They answered, that forgery was counterfeiting another's hand writing, with intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking up at the offender, Oh, pox, that comes of your *writing and reading*, you filly dog.

King

King Charles II. being in company with Lord Rochester, and others of the nobility, who had been drinking the best part of the night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the king, we shall hear of our faults; No, faith, says Killigrew, *I do not care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of.*

When Lord Jefferies, before he was a judge, was pleading at the bar once, a country fellow giving evidence against his client, pushed the matter very home on the side he swore of. Jefferies, after his usual way, called out to the fellow, Hark ye, you fellow, in the leather doublet, what have you for swearing? To which the countryman smartly replied, Faith, sir, if you had no more for *lying*, than I have for *swearing*, you might e'en wear a leather doublet too.

The same Jefferies afterwards on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. Does your lordship, replied the old man, *measure consciences by beards?* If so, your lordship has *no conscience at all.*

Lord Dorset was asking a certain bishop, Why he conferred orders on so many blockheads? Oh, my lord, said he, *it is better the ground should be ploughed by asses, than lie quite untill'd.*

Mr. Dryden once at dinner, being offered by a lady the rump of a fowl, and refusing it, the lady said, Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the rump is the best part of the *fowl.* Yes, madam, said he, and so I think it is of the *fair.*

Apelles, the famous painter, having drawn the picture of Alexander the Great on horseback, brought it and presented it to the prince; but he not bestowing that praise on it which so excellent a piece deserved, Apelles desired

desired a living horse might be brought; who, moved by nature, fell a prancing and neighing, as though it had been actually a living creature of the same species: whereupon Apelles told Alexander, *That his horse understood painting better than himself.*

An old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to task one day, and asked her if she had considered what a crying sin it was in a woman to cuckold her husband? Lord, my dear, said she, what do you mean? I never had such a thing in *my head*, nor never will. No, no, my dear, replied he, *I shall have it in my head, you will have it somewhere else.*

One observing a crooked fellow in close argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderate resolution, said to his friend, Prithee let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he is *bent upon it.*

A vigorous young officer, who made love to a widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his arms. Hey-dey, said she, do you fight after the French way, take towns before you declare war. No, faith, widow, said he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far as to be in *the middle of the country* before you could resist me.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, with but one gate; Sir Godfrey, upon some occasion, ordered the gate to be railed, when the doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not *paint* it. This being told Sir Godfrey, Well replied he, I can take that, or any thing else but *physic*, from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe.

As

An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erect chest, told him he was better fed than taught. Very true, indeed sir, replied the farmer, *for you teach me; and I feed myself.*

One asking a painter how he could paint such pretty faces in his pictures, and yet get such homely children? Because, said he, I made the first by *day light*, and the other in the *dark*.

Sir John St. Leger, the Judge Jefferies of Ireland, had been remarkably severe to a number of poor wretches who were brought before him for committing depredations in that country. Paul Liddy was the captain of a banditti, who levied contributions in the part where the knight lived. Among others, he wrote to Sir John, to inform him, that if he did not deposit a certain sum in the place he mentioned, at such a time, he would set fire to his house, murder him, and *ravish* his lady.

Shortly after, by the vigilance of the knight, the captain was taken, and closely confined in irons, in the Black Dog prison. Lady St. Leger could not resist the curiosity of seeing a man, who had dared to make such a declaration. She accordingly went to the prison, where she was informed by the beautiful *Monica Gall*, a courtesan, whom *Liddy* had married, that he was too much indisposed to see any one. Upon which, her ladyship, with an insolence that reduced her below the level of the unhappy person she addressed, asked her, whether she was the villain's whore or his wife?—To which the other immediately replied, I have the misfortune to be his wife; the honour of *whore* was intended for your *ladyship*.

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayers, saving one mariner, who was ever wish-

wishing to see *two* stars. Oh ! said he, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two : and of these words he made so frequent a repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars, or what one star he meant ? To whom he replied, O that I could see the *Star* in the Old Change, or the *Star* in Coleman-street, I care not which.

Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster : the patient turning a little pale, Lord, Sir, said he, I hope there is no danger. Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon, for if the fellow does not set up a good pair of heels, *the wound will heal before he returns.*

A hackney coachman, who had had a pretty good day, after taking care of the horses, retired to the necessary in the coach-yard, adjoining to that appropriated to the use of his master's family, and where his master then happened to be. Our Jehu, not suspecting he had any neighbours, began to divide his earnings in a manner, said to be not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, as follows. A shilling for master,—a shilling for myself ; which he continued till he came to an odd six-pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overhearing his perplexity, says to him, You may as well let me have that six-pence, John, because *I keep the horses you know.*

During the late contested election at Colchester, the returning officer, who is a miller, receiving many heavy tokens of the mob's displeasure, on account of some decision which they deemed illegal. Not a little agitated on the occasion, he turned round to Mr. Rigby, and said, He hoped to God he was safe in what he had done ? O yes, rejoined Mr. R—, as safe as a *thief in a mill.*

The

The honourable Mr. W—— who is remarkable for his talent at extempore verse, not many weeks ago was requested by Lady T—r—c—l, to give her a proof of it. The subject she chose was the ring on her finger—after a moment's pause he repeated the following stanza, the neatness of which has not an equal.

Your husband gave to you a ring,
Set round with jewels rare;
You gave to him a better thing,
——A ring set round with hair.

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, sir, said he, where is your place? *In the Gloucester coach*, said he, Sir, I secured it last night; and you, sir, have cured me of *higher ambition*.

During the late election for Westminster, divers constables with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion; amongst others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a serving man) was examined what lord he belonged unto? To which he readily replied, *To the Lord, Jehovah!*—Which word being beyond the constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such Lord, they replied, *No*; however, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, I believe it to be some *Scotch Lord or other*.

The celebrated singer, Mr. Bannister, being at a gentleman's seat in the country, on a visit, where, at an
inn

inn adjacent, there was held a jovial meeting weekly, of gentlemen farmers and mechanics of the place. On the night appointed, the gentleman takes, in disguise, Mr. Bannister with him, in order to hear a famous blacksmith perform, who had long bore the bell for the best pipe in the country, who unluckily was absent that night: The gentleman in order to have his place in a measure well supplied, begs our Bannister to tune his pipe, which he doing with his usual good humour, so roused and animated an honest hearty miller there, that when done, he flew from his seat, comes round to Bannister in the greatest rapture, and says, *Give me your hand, mon, egad, you sing almost as well as our blacksmith.*

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was asked, Why she did not apply to be maid of honour? She answered, because she could not *push for it.*

A taylor's apprentice was sent home with a suit of cloaths to a gentleman, who, the foreman told him, always gave a shilling upon those occasions; and, as that was the foreman's perquisite, charged the boy not to cheat him, by pretending he had not received so much. When the boy arrived at the gentleman's house, and delivered the cloaths, he made him a present of only six-pence. — The boy was highly chagrined at this disappointment, imagining the foreman would apprehend he had pocketed half what he had received. He therefore thought of this droll expedient. Sir, says he, to the gentleman who gave him six-pence, I wish you would give me two six-pences for a shilling. He readily consented; but when he had given the boy the change, he presented him the sixpence he had received from him. Why this is only six-pence (says the gentleman). You are mistaken sir, said the boy, *it must be a shilling, for our foreman says you always give a shilling.*

As the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean called for his boots; the servant immediately took them to him; when the Dean saw them, How is this Tom, says he, my boots are not cleaned? No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again; Very well, said the Dean, go and get the horses ready. In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready? Yes, sir, says the servant: Go bring them out then, said the Dean, I have not had my breakfast yet, sir, says Tom; Oh, no matter for that, says the Dean, *if you had it you would soon be hungry again.* They mounted and rode off; as they rode the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading, a gentleman met them, and seeing the doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. Who is that gentleman, said he, to the servant? It is my master, sir, said Tom; I know that, you blockhead, said the gentleman, but where are you going? *We are going to Heaven,* sir, says Tom. How do you know that? said the gentleman, Because I am *fasting*, and my master is *praying*, sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.

William Penn, the quaker, once waiting upon King Charles II. kept on his hat. The King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Friend Charles, said Penn, *Why dost thou not keep thy hat on?* Friend Penn, replied the King, it is the custom of this place, for no more than *one person* ever to be covered at a time.

General Armingers death being very sudden, and on the night of his nuptials, a Maid of Honour asked Mr. Chace Price the cause of it. Miss, replied the wit, the general died of a parenthesis.

FINIS.

